The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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Editorial Notes.

Miss Emily Faithfull, our English correspondent, who is so well known for her eminent and useful services in promoting the means of labor for women, has recently lost her venerable father, Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull. He was 82 years old, and though remarkably strong never recovered from the effects of the loss of his wife three years ago, and gradually sank away after his bereavement.

The London *Times* mentions the death of Esther Beauclerc, from the effects of a cold caught while nursing in the Sedan Hospital. She did not fight on the field; but was her life any the less a sacrifice than if she had fallen in battle? We talk about blood spilled for a country or a cause; but blood that is not spilled, but spent in the tireless service of the sick and wounded, is far more helpful to humanity, and acceptable to God.

Mrs. L. B. Chandler has struck the right chord in her appeal for a wiser and truer education of children. Our social science and fine philosophy will be useless and worthless as fringes of valor and puffs of air, if they are not applied to the culture and training of the young. There is nothing in America which so much needs reconstruction as home and domestic life, especially as they bear upon the management of children, and the preparation of young men and women for the duties of life.

Mrs. Stanton, in one of her lectures at San Francisco, touched on the equality of man and woman at home, in a very suggestive way. John Stuart Mill says the generality of the male sex cannot yet tolerate the idea of living with an *equal* at the fireside, and here is the secret of the opposition to woman's equality in the State and the Church; men are not ready to recognize it in the home. This is the real danger apprehended in giving woman the ballot; for as long as man makes, interprets, and executes the laws for himself, he holds this whole matter pretty much in his own power under any system. Hence, when he expresses the fear that liberty to woman would upset the family relation, he acknowledges that her present condition of subjection is not of her own choosing, and that if she had the power the whole relation would be essentially changed. And this is just what is coming to pass, the kernel of the struggle we witness to-day. This is woman's transition period from slavery to freedom, and all the social upheavings, before which the wisest and bravest stand appalled, are but necessary incidents in her progress to equality.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe says, "Personal description, as practiced by novel-writers, is merely a cheap device for covering paper. It is perfectly uninteresting, and nobody reads it. But it fills up the volume, and sells with the rest." Which would be anything but true were Mrs. Howe to write a novel. Her descriptions are unique. In a half dozen lines she gives a colored crayon better than an ordinary portrait, so life-like that we recognize the features at once, and confess to a life-long acquaintance with the original. But why did the editor of *Old and New* cut off her charming idyl just at the point where it was most intensely interesting? We could have spared anything in the magazine better than that idyl. Other people may be served up in installments; but give us Mrs. Howe entire. We should as soon think of cutting a diamond in two as running an editorial pen through one of her literary jewels. The *Old and New* is an entertaining magazine, with something for almost everybody, and served up, too, in a clean, interesting fashion. And Mrs. Martha P. Lowe has a good article in it about women, full of good sense and good sentiment, as everything that she writes always is. And Gail Hamilton, always the same spicy, sprightly, saucy creature, whose pen scratches terribly sometimes, has a readable paper in it.

Mrs. Swisshelm protests against the almost universal custom of throwing all manner of filth, and garbage, and carrion, into rivers. Why is it that public sentiment does not demand, enact, and enforce general laws, making it a penal offense to poison a running stream? Every one of them is the natural source of supply of one of the most pressing wants of nature, to hundreds of thousands of living creatures, leaving man out of the question; and He who openeth His hand liberally to supply the wants of everything that lives, will surely call to account him who wantonly and wickedly mingles poison with the stores He has provided. Besides the wickedness of polluting the waters that people must drink, there is the wanton waste of such disposition of refuse matter! There is the robbery of the ground which is entitled to a return of the wealth loaned to form an animal structure. Our skillful agriculturalists send abroad for bones to supply the place of the phosphorates taken from the ground to make bones, while those bones are converted into unsightly nuisances. A dog under ground, in a field or orchard, is worth more than he ever was on the surface, and we should dispose of him accordingly, and stringent laws should enforce the burial of all carrion, either at the expense, and for the benefit of the owner of the public.

Two classes of men deserve the respect of women. The first is composed of those who nobly plead the cause of woman at the bar of public opinion, and throw the whole weight of their words, work and influence in behalf of her elevation and enfranchisement. The second consists of those who, failing to see the wisdom or expediency of the movements in which we are specially interested, yet always treat women with kindness and respect, as their equals before God. We have known very many beautiful and striking instances of profound, affectionate, holy veneration for women on the part of men who were opposed to woman suffrage—a regard so tender and trustworthy and uplifting in its influence that it disarms criticism and makes its favored objects feel that they have more rights and homage than they deserve. All honor to the men who honor woman by their treatment of her, who put their respect into fragrant sympathies and helpful deeds, who make every woman they meet feel a new sense of the dignity of womanhood and the nobility of man. We have sometimes thought that those conservatives who treat every woman as though she were a mother or sister or daughter, or all of these in one, contribute more to the cause of woman's enfranchisement and elevation than many who declaim for woman's rights in public, but add to woman's wrongs by their spirit and example. The true friend of woman will show his regard for the sex by treating the women he knows with respect and affection.

The following poem, by Julia Ward Howe, was read at the recent reunion of the Howe family at Framingham, Mass. It was prefaced by a felicitous address by the author:

I sit and look out of my window,
The sky wears her fair summer brow;
I have promised a poem that you wait for,
And fancy says nothing but Howe.

I walk by the high-tossing ocean
That curls at the vessel's swift prow;
I tell it to give me my verses,
And what does it answer me—"Howe?"

I dream in the meadows sweet-scented
And follow the turf-cutting plough;
So Burns found his mouse and his daisy;
I seek to—and only find Howe.

Then I go to my books very learned;
I must write those same verses, I vow;
Come, help me, you Greeks and you Germans;
The books, too, have learned to say Howe.

Yet I know 'tis occasion most fitting
When birds that have flown from the bough
Come back with their broods and their music
At the pleasant suggestion of Howe.

And I know there are wondrous inventions
To which other continents bow;
There are sewers and reapers and wringers
Baptized in the good name of Howe.

There's a man who unloosed a soul's prison
With a patient endeavor, I trow,
Brought the blind and the dumb into freedom,
And that soul in its gladness knows Howe.

And one was already for battle,
When Southerners made their great row,
And one hopes that battles are over,
And the woman must show the world Howe.

Thus others can sing to you better,
I may shut my worn music-book now;
But I'll close with a true woman's blessing—
"God's grace to the children of Howe."

Original Story.

SABRINA MARSHALL'S WEDDING.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

There is nothing more devoid of romance than the act of patching old trowsers, and yet Sabrina Marshall lent a kind of grace even to that species of woman's work. She was not beautiful, or even pretty, but there was a charm of pure womanliness about her that diffused a kind of fragrance where she sat. It was a homely kitchen with coarse, unpapered walls, and humble furnishings; but Deacon White, when he came to inspect Mrs. Marshall's new home, said Sabrina, herself, was furniture enough for even the grandest mansion. And he was right; such a woman as Mrs. Marshall, with a genius for loving and serving, a quiet, luminous spirit, responsive to all things good and beautiful, can dispense with the upholsterer's art, and render her house a centre of delight.

I said she was not even pretty; but she was something more as the autumn sunshine flickered through the red boughs of a maple tree by the window and touched her homely dark dress, over which was tied a clean checked apron. There was a spotless band of white linen encircling her throat. She had never fallen into the ways of women who allow the curl to depart forever from their hair as soon as they marry. Hers did not curl, but it waved in thick tresses across her brow, and rippled behind the ear. Sabrina was only beautiful when the happiness that had grown in her eyes broke over her face in a sort of dawn light, and Hiram Marshall had seen the sunrise of a new life there.

It was a picture such as Perry would love to paint—that woman at her homely work, the sunshine flickering through the red maple-leaves upon the tendrils of a fragile vine that grew in the window, and falling on Sabrina's geraniums and fuchsias.

But there was something else in the picture, a brown, wooden cradle, covered with a little cradle-quilt of bright patch-work, and within reach of Sabrina's foot. The quilt rounded softly over a sleeping baby, and rose and fell to its breathing as by the touch of the lightest zephyr. Near at hand, on Sabrina's work-table, with its spindle-legs, and quaint, green silk pocket, stood a dainty basket of Indian work, and within was a roll of soft white stuff-mull and nansook, with a delicate edge of old English lace. Sabrina's eyes strayed often from Hiram's trowsers, in that direction, with a thought of how she would delight in the fairy hems and tucks, and in trimming the tiny waist, and fashioning the little sleeves that could scarce clasp over four fingers of her hand.

She had put by her coarse patching once or twice, just to look at her baby lying asleep, lifting the quilt as softly as one would touch the bud of a rare flower just ready to open, and in a still ecstacy had hung above the cradle. He was all hers, that six months' baby, from the rings of his silky hair that clung to the moist temples down to the ends of the pink toes, drawn up a little, and curled together in an enhcanting baby fashion. The blue-veined lids quivered as she looked at him, and the little mouth made a soft sound as if dreaming of the mother's bosom. The plump little hand and arm, with the pretty crease at the wrist, marked with tiny dots and dimples, and the fairy nails and rosy tips were almost too provocative of kisses. And he was all hers; no one could take him from her but God, the giver.

She bent above him sometimes until the happy tears gummed her lashes. He was a largess she would scarcely have dared to ask for, and it seemed to her fancy that one day he had wandered out of the wicker gate of Paradise where the heavenly children play, and losing the little path, with tired feet had nestled at her breast, and gathered all the scattered and broken harmonies of her life into a baby's cooing voice.

It was at such moments that Sabrina prayed almost unconsciously for all childless and lonely women, such as sit in the silence and hear no baby breathing. Such was the glory and the glow of her motherhood, that infinite pity awoke within her for the woman, wherever she might be, who had never clasped her own little child to her bosom, and so silently her thoughts grew in the stillness of the old farm house, and blossomed into prayers.

When Sabrina had finished patching Hiram's trowsers it was verging towards nightfall. The rich light of the low sun shed a color like wine over the close-cut harvest fields, and broke along the edges of the tree-trunks in ruddy lines of fire. It glorified the maple-tree more and more, and streaked and splashed the coarse kitchen wall with a peculiar splendor as the red leaves threw a deepening blush into the room. Sabrina was about getting Hiram's supper, and she took down from the corner the china tea-cups and saucers, and the quaint tea-pot, thin as an egg-shell, her grandmother Davis had left her. She put on the best table-cloth, too, and the glass dishes, and as she glanced out of the window and saw the rapturous kind of brightness the maple leaves cast, the thought struck her she would gather a bouquet of them to beautify her little table.

This was the anniversary of her wedding-day, and stepping softly about, always mindful of the cradle, no wonder that she recalled the time four years back, when she was only a drudge in the house of her Uncle Davis. Not that she blamed him—the women of that neighborhood were nearly all drudges—and when Hiram Marshall was wasting his early manhood in a morbid discontent, which was fast leading him to ruin.

Old man Marshall, as he was called, was not a pleasant husband and father. His wife feared him, and his boys, with something of the same grain of nature, rebelled against his rule, and fell upon a rock and were bruised. The old man hated priests and pedagogues. He would help support neither church nor school. He was too mean to buy his family shoes. His boys worked until they came of age, and then bare and penniless went out from under the old roof with something like a curse in their hearts. Farmer Marshall was counted one of the richest in the township. He had money in the bank, and shares in the best paying railroads, and yet he lived like a beggar, and denied his wife decent clothing, and his children the privileges of a fair education. That revolt of the blood which so often breaks out in the next generation showed itself in Hiram. He was born a straight nature, generous, large hearted, hating gold, and detesting meanness. He was richer with a shilling in his pocket than many are with their thousands, and the conflict between him and the old man began early, and grew more and more bitter until the end.

So there came days, and she remembered them vividly now, as she was setting the little table, when Sabrina Davis's eyes filled often with tears as they looked at Hiram, and saw the marks of dissipation just deepening into recklessness. It was his love for her, and she knew it, which was sending him down a steep grade to the bad. Defeated and undone so early, as he believed, with his heart forever making a passionate protest against his lot, he could see no way to burgeon out a space in this world's thicket to build a home, and set therein the one who was to him the woman of women. So he grew shy and avoided meeting her, and now and then the terrible whisper came to her ears that Hiram Marshall had been on another spree.

But Sabrina Davis loved as she breathed. Love was a necessity of her being, so braided with her religion and faith, that each strand seemed one and the same. She was a year older than Hiram—one of those women where the maternal overleans the rest of the nature, and blends with every other affection. There is a love that invigorates, inspires, nourishes, fills the fountains of life, and as medicinal as it is sweet. Such was the love of Sabrina. She lived in those days only to pray for the means of reaching and saving Hiram Marshall through her love.

Now, as she stepped about on her light household errands, another picture from memory rose before her mind's eye. It was a clear, crisp, autumn day, four years back, when the sky was divinely blue, and the maples flamed along the roadsides, as they did this afternoon. She remembered just how the dahlias and chrisanthemums were blowing there in the old Davis garden as she shut the gate, and at what particular angle of the road she met Hiram. It was where a cluster of water willows bent over a little bubbling spring, and the ground was moist and fragrant with the smell of sweet fern. Hiram had been drinking to drown the memory of home and the wretched life he had led, and though his gait did not betray it, the fact was easily read in his blood-shot eyes and flushed face.

The turn of the road had hidden Sabrina from view, and when he came suddenly upon her, round a little clump of bushes, he faltered and made as if he would turn back without speaking, but she stepped out in front of him, and with a pale face and tender appealing eyes, said:

"Hiram, where are you going?"

"To the devil," he answered hoarsely, "and it isn't worth while for you to trouble yourself about such a one as I am. Let me go Sabrina. Try to think of me as dead and buried." His voice shook as he pulled his hat more over my eyes.

"I shall never let you go," said Sabrina in clear, sweet, penetrating tones, that thrilled him through and through. "I would follow you to save you however low you might fall, but as it is, you have gone only a step aside. Come back, Hiram, come back to me. God could find you in the darkest places; he will let my love find you, too." She held out her two hands to him in a passion of pleading,

and he put his out, and reached for them almost as if he had been blind, and took hold of them, and steadied himself as a drowning man might.

"Do you believe it, Sabrina?" faltered he "do you believe I could ever get to feel like a man again, and respect myself, and stand upon my feet, and look other men in the face?"

"I know you could, Hiram," and her voice rang out from the great depth of her conviction and her faith.

He grasped her hands unconsciously until they ached; he probed her eyes with his own, seeking for the least token of faltering, but they were clear and steady, yet flowed with divine sympathy that only the highest love ever reveals.

"Sabrina," said he, with a look and accent, as if the cramped manliness of his nature were straightening itself to the full stature of a strong, self-controlled human being. "Sabrina, there have been moments when I was at the worst, even, that I believed your love could save me."

"It shall save you, Hiram."

"But to do me any good it must never leave me," he returned sadly, with the old distrust flowing back upon him. "I can't be left to my self, Sabrina. I am like a baby; unless I am watched I shall creep into the fire—hell fire.

"Poor Hiram," and her voice was a throb of exquisite pity; "loneliness has almost killed you; you have hurt yourself like a wild bird that beats its wings against the bars of its iron cage until they bleed; you have needed some hand to touch, some heart to lean on, and you would not come even to me. Hiram, if you will let me stay with you I will never leave you any more."

He dropped her hands, and cast his eyes upon the ground, while the light faded visibly from his face.

"I should be a brute, Sabrina, to ask you to marry me now."

"You need not ask me, dear. Let us go today, this very hour, to the minister, and let him make us one."

"Would you marry me this moment, as I am?" and the words were more an inarticulate cry of joy than anything coherent. It seemed as though the man's soul had sprung up erect, and broken the withes that bound it, in a single moment of time.

"I would," answered Sabrina; and he put his arms about her, and held her in a close embrace, as if he would never let her go.

"Come," said Sabrina at last, "it is not necessary that you and I should wait for wedding finery. Are we not clothed in the glory of our love? I will go to my wedding in this calico dress and sun-bonnet, and will take you—"

"As I came from the tavern," added Hiram, but there did not seem to be any shame or humiliation in his tones.

They held each other by the hand and walked on joyfully towards the minister's house to perform a simple and yet almost sublime act of faith. They were like two children, who, finding themselves on the brink of a black and yawning precipice, and growing dizzy from looking into it, turn back into grassy meadows, pied with daisies—innocent, pure, and sweet under God's sky. They took no thought of the morrow, what they should eat, nor wherewithal they should be clothed. The great, sweet present folded them in its holy embrace. They were living an idyl as they walked in the September air, so delicately fresh, and scented with the odors from ripening fruits and changing foliage, and beside the way where asters grow tangled in white and purple mazes, and the golden rod shone, and the wild vines gathered a glory of rich leaves, crimson and gold, ruby and maroon. The distant rim of the hills folded patches of mist in their hollows; the crickets chirped in the stubble; the birds sang with sweet but short snatches as if learning anew after the August silence; the trees flung their shadows over them like a visible benediction, and the great, unspeakable, infinite love of God stooped nearer and gathered them into its bosom, where ecstatic silence will not pardon the lowest whisper for fear of dashing down one drop of the cup of bliss.

This was Sabrina's wedding, and when the old minister had made them one, saying, "What God hath joined let not man put asunder," they went out together, and Hiram let her lead him where she would, as if ready to follow her to the world's end. It was almost night-fall when they met farmer Davis, jogging along in his tow frock, on his way home to supper. He was a hard-fisted, weather-beaten old man, but if anybody knew how to probe the tender-spot under his rather rough rind, it was Sabrina. "Uncle," said she, stopping him in the road, as he stared at the two in a sort of dumb amazement, and her words were to the last degree simple and undramatic: "Uncle, Hiram Marshall and I have been getti[illegible]arried this afternoon. You have always been kind to me. Will you let me take Hiram home for a few days until we can make some plans?"

The old man rubbed his frock sleeve across his eyes as if not quite sure he saw or heard straight. "Married," repeated he; "now this beats all," and then he paused, and said at length:

"Sabrina, I thought you was the last woman to get yourself into a scrape. I'd have bet on your judgment any time. But women aire slippery creeters, the best on 'em. I knew Hiram used to come shinin' round you, and then he got wild, and I thought you'd had the good sense to give up all notion of him. But now the knot is tied, and, Hiram, I will say you've got the likeliest woman in the country, and if you don't keep stiddy, and go to work like a man, you' [illegible]ger loafer than I think you aire. This little gal is jest like my own." He put his big, brown hand, on her shoulder almost tenderly, and his rough voice shook a little. "I raised her, and I've always done by her the best I could, and I won't have her hectored. I guess anybody that tries it will find she's got friends that will stand up for her through thick and thin."

Sabrina looked up into Hiram's face with an inexplicable smile, and the old man went on melting and breaking down more and more. "Take him home!" said he, "of course you can, and so long as he is good to you, and behaves himself, nobody shall be more welcome."

So Sabrina took her husband home to her uncle's house, and when the news of her marriage got abroad people in general shook their heads, and pitied her. She had thrown herself away; she had married in haste to repent at leisure. But old Deacon White knew better. "Pshaw!" said he, "Hiram Marshall will go straight as a line, for a woman like Sabrina can love a man right into heaven." And so it proved. She reconciled the world to Hiram's soul with love.

Neither did the newly married pair starve as some kind friends predicted they would. Sabrina had inherited a few things from her grandmother Davis, enough to furnish two humble rooms, and Hiram rented a few acres on shares, and developed an energy before undreamed of. The next year his operations grew, naturally, faithfully, and now, at the end of four harvest seasons, they were in the possession of comfort, if not abundance. From the day Hiram found his good angel, and was turned back in the way, he had kept to the straight path; and that perfect love which casteth out fear that filled Sabrina's bosom, had known no wavering or shadow of turning, had never doubted or distrusted, or let a shadow of a suspicion darken her husband's life.

The memories of her wedding-day were scarcely lived through, when, the pretty supper-table completed, and the feathery biscuits shedding a perfume through the place, the baby awoke in an infantile mood of still, celestial brightness. He smiled on his mother's face, but was not anxious to be taken up; but she snatched him to her bosom, as if fearful he would listen too long to the singing of the angels, and be weaned away from her.

Hiram was coming through the gate, and with him an old, decrepid man, who shook with palsy. It was father Marshall, as Sabrina called him. Little by little, she had won over the father and son to a reconciliation, stealing the bitterness from the gall, and the sting from the thorn. Nobody had ever been able to induce the stubborn, hard old man, to enter a church, or receive the visit of a minister; but Sabrina's love conquered, not in the name of religion, but through its power. Now, as she saw the old man coming to keep her wedding-feast, she took her boy in her arms and went out to meet him, and stood under the bright maple-tree, delicate rosy clouds floated over the old farm house, the pale, crescent moon hung in the radiant West. Hiram put his strong arm about his wife; the old, shaking man, bent and kissed the infant, and the gentleness of the act, per[illegible], expressed the redemption of that stern nature; and out of the still evening heavens it seemed that blessed spirits were looking upon that true home—that picture of wedded love and maternal joy—watching the peace and trust, beauty and order, and reconciliation that flow from a great love, and whispering it is good.

Dr. Edward H. Clarke says that the American people are strangely fond of dosing, and seem willing to experiment upon themselves by taking drugs whose names they cannot write or pronounce correctly, of whose properties they are ignorant, and in quantities that no intelligent physician would dare to prescribe.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him and box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the use of a hoss till it's broke?"

Notes About Women.

—What would this world be without women? A perfect blank, like a sheet of paper, not even ruled.

—Mrs Burleigh's ministerial engagements at Brooklyn, Conn., will not interfere with her lecturing.

—Mr. Stewart's hotel for women will cost three million dollars. Two million have already been spent upon it.

—Miss Agnes Strickland has received a pension of $500 per annum from the British government, in recognition of her historical works.

—Swedenborg says that sex is a permanent fact in human nature. Men are men, and women are women, in the highest heaven as here on earth.

—Mrs. Conway is busily engaged upon her section of the Western Maryland Railroad. She is said to have been an active and energetic contractress.

—Rosseau says:—"The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears."

—Miss Maria A. Giddings, daughter of Hon. Joshua A. Giddings, died at Centreville, Ind., last Thursday week, while on a visit at the residence of Representative Julian.

—A woman in Pittsfield, N. H., has had a shawl restored to her which was stolen nine years ago. It was in nearly as good condition as when stolen, the woman who had kept it so long being afraid or ashamed to wear it.

—The article of Alexander Hyde in *Scribner's Monthly*, on the equal education of the sexes, is said to be one of the ablest papers written on that subject. Dr. Holland's strictures on it are feebly forcible, like all his efforts.

—Rev. Charles G. Ames, of California, an eloquent advocate of woman's suffrage, and one of the most popular of Western lyceum lecturers, is coming East to fill a large number of lecture engagements this season. Hear him all who can.

—Jennie June says there never was a time when it is so difficult to tell just what is and just what is not fashion; never a time when authorities were so many and their dictates so little heeded; never a time when there was such universal demand for fashion or such utter disregard of it by those who are naturally its truest exponents.

—A man in Charlestown, S. C., was lately sentenced to one dollar and costs for choking his wife. The defendant claimed the right which he had exercised, on the ground that he was legally married to the woman, and she was his property to do and deal with as he chose; and yet men fail to see what women are making so much fuss about.

—In France a woman has no remedy when a man promises to marry her and doesn't. At first sight this may seem a little cruel; but practically it has the effect of doing away with what are called engagements, and there being no engagement, there is no breach. A man and woman meaning to be married, marry at once, which ends all diplomacy.

—Martha Walker, a young Englishwoman, lately climbed the famous Matterhorn, over 14,700 feet high, in company with her father, aged 65. The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks to ascend, and has rarely been attempted by a woman. The lady is well named, having climbed Monts Blanc, Rosa and other peaks with little fatigue.

—Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon has been suggested as candidate for State Senator in San Joaquin county, California, and one of the San Francisco papers says: "From our knowledge of Mrs. Gordon's brilliant talents, we have no doubt she would fill that office better than nine-tenths of the members of our last Legislature, which with its immense Democratic majority, seemed to have no aim save squandering the public funds."

—A writer in the Boston *Transcript* tells how one morning she remonstrated with her colored servant for abusing his wife, upbraiding him after this manner: "Jack, what a pretty, little, smart wife you have! If I were you, I would try to make myself more agreeable to her: I would fill the coal-scuttle, feed the pig, gather the vegetables for her, and—and—I wouldn't strike her." The only answer from Jack was: "Why! I's done married Lou; I isn't courting her!"

—A writer in the Chicago *Republican* has been studying up the "personals" which appear in the papers of that city, and the result of his investigation is that the passion for dress and display is the cause of a larger portion of the social evil than any one thing. "I am thoroughly convinced that more girls are seduced into a life of shame through a desire to keep up with the times in fashionable attire than in any other way. In fact, I believe that three ont of every five enter the gate that leads to destruction through the wiles of the tempter—Fashion."

—The San Francisco *Plebian* says that when once woman's natural right to the ballot is recognized, and her elevating influence is felt in improved legislation, it will be a matter of general surprise that her equality was ever denied. All prejudices disappear slowly in the crucible of the public mind, and all genuine reforms are achieved by the earnest and persevering labors of their exponents. The advancement of public sentiment upon this question seems more rapid than that upon any other which ever agitated our country; and we rejoice at this indication of progress.

—The *Golden Age* says that, as nurses, women have no rivals; the field is their own. On their delicate and kindly ministries all must depend at last. The importance of training women for this profession has been sadly over-looked. It cannot be over-stated. And what, under the wise and experienced supervision of Florence Nightingale, is doing in England for the training of nurses should be attempted here at once. A training college for nurses would be a public benefaction; and the rich man who shall establish such an institution would embalm his memory in a beneficence more fragrant than spices, and leave an overflowing fountain of healing and blessing for his monument.

—Mrs. Field, in her Stockbridge address, says:—"In yonder village, on the banks of our lovely Housatonic, one may see what a woman can do for the public good. The Cone Paper Mill, beautiful in all its appointments, if it shows the business capacity of a man, shows also the taste and thoughtfulness, the kindness of heart of a woman. The well-kept roads, planted with trees; the cozy houses of the operatives; the chapel in the middle of the little colony; the boarding-house, in which young girls find the comfort and the security of a home; the library with its well-chosen books, its elegant and attractive arrangements, we may with pride claim as the work of a woman of Stockbridge.

—Ostrich plumes are highly appreciated by American women of culture and refinement, whose tastes, it must be said, tend generally to the æsthetic in art and ornament; but they are not always prepared for the tricks put upon them by dealers. The feathers of the American vulture are quite as often bought for ostrich as the real, and not unfrequently two or three clever splicings will produce a plume of unusual length and apparent beauty, which is sold for three times its real value. In buying a costly feather, therefore, it is well to look out for the slightest indication of want of evenness and perfection, and to make important purchases, as a rule, of those who have a reputation to sustain, and can, therefore, be relied upon.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* says that at a social gathering, a young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion, glittering with diamonds, sat silent and apart from the rest, taking no part in a conversation purely literary in its character. The gentleman of the house approached her, with the remark: "You do not appear to be enjoying yourself." "No," said the lady, "this is too dry for me. Ain't there nobody here that can flirt?" "Flirt!" said he. "Ah, I see—you are a sort of Cleopatra in disguise." "Cleopatra! No," rejoined the intelligent beauty, "I never liked Indians." Such is fashion. It is no wonder that woman suffragists who would interest young ladies in something better and nobler than flirting, and give them something grand to live for, and make them useful members of society, are terribly unfashionable!

—A Saratoga correspondent tells thus the result of the sudden giving out of gas at Congress Hall: "There were twelve hundred people at Congress Hall—two hundred candles and three hundred bottles—five hundred lights in all. Young gentlemen stood outside of doors while sweethearts undressed and handed the candle over the transom. Married men got into the wrong rooms, and only found out their mistake next morning. An old lady bathed her face with Harrison's Columbian ink, to cure the toothache. She thought it was a bottle of pain-killer. She discovered her mistake just before coming to breakfast. Mr. Saxe borrowed a candle of a beautiful young lady. The next morning she found under her door these beautiful lines:

> 'You gave me a candle, I give you my thanks,
> And add as a compliment justly your due—
> There is not a girl in these feminine ranks
> Who could, if she would, hold a candle to you.'"

—Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, of Michigan, who is chaperoning some twenty-six young ladies now traveling in Europe, writes: "In many of the hotels in Ireland we have found women acting as head clerks, and doing their business with dispatch and accuracy. The change in the appearance of these clerks and directors in hotels is for the better. An expression of more general intelligence has

come over their faces; they understand you more readily, even though you may not speak the vernacular of the country, or call things by the names they give them. But everywhere it is to be remarked that the girls and women understand a question much quicker than the men. One does not hear from the girl waiters, 'I beg pardon, ma'am,' with a blank look of not comprehending the question, nearly as often as from the men employed to serve at table, and in the various capacities of hotel service."

—Mrs. Mary T. Davis writes in the *Golden Age* that "for the man and woman who purely and truly love each other, and are guided by the law of justice, marriage is not a state of bondage. Indeed, it is only when they become, by this outward acknowledgment, publicly avowed lovers, that freedom is realized by them in its full significance. Thereafter they can be openly devoted to each other's interests, and avowedly chosen and intimate friends. Together they can plan life's battle, and enter upon the path of progress that ends not with life's eventide. Together they can seek the charmed avenues of culture, and, strengthened by each other, can brave the world's frown in the rugged but heaven-lit path of reform. Home, with all that is dearest in the sacred name, is their peaceful and cherished retreat, within whose sanctuary bloom the virtues that make it a temple of beneficence."

—The School of Horticulture for women, recently established in Newton, Mass., has proved to be one of the best of hospitals. Girls, who at first could work not more than two nours daily, soon are able to pass eight hours in the greenhouse and garden; and their reddened cheeks and robust health, good appetites, fresh complexions and red blood are visible proofs of the benefit which this sensible experiment confers. The establishment has proved a success in every way. A second greenhouse has been erected by the girls themselves, who have boarded and glazed it all without assistance. This addition is a square of seventeen feet, and in both houses thirty-five hundred plants are now repotted and flourishing. Besides the greenhouses, is a vegetable garden, where the girls can go out in the season, and exercise themselves into an excellent condition of health in the open air. The greenhouses are yielding a pretty sum of money already.

—A lady of experience sensibly says that the art of housekeeping is not to be learned without study. Houses cannot be made comfortable and attractive without painstaking. In England, ladies of the most exalted rank superintend their domestic establishments, and often with their own hands assist in the preparation of dishes for the table. Indeed, a school for the training of young women in the arts of housewifery has lately been established in London, where the pupils are instructed in all that pertains to a practical domestic education. We do not know whether such a movement is practicable in this country, but it is certain that some good method of learning the lessons of the kitchen and chamber would be of incalculable service to the young ladies who in time will become wives and mothers, presiding over their own homes. When mistresses accept the responsibilities of their own position, domestics will begin to discharge theirs.

—Eli Davis, of Louisville, Ind., a helpless paralytic who had been unable to walk for a year, and for six months had been practically idiotic, was divorced from his second wife while on his death-bed about fifteen hours before he ceased to breathe. The petition was filed at the instigation of his two sons by a former wife, and it is not probable that he understood anything about the matter, though he assented it in a mechanical way. No complaint was made against his wife. Her fidelity was above suspicion, and her care through his illness had been unremitting. But he had property worth $100,000, and by insti ating underhand proceedings and acting upon her fears, parties pecuniarily interested in the estate succeeding in getting Ler consent to a compromise for a small sum. The laws which allow a wife to be thus divorced from her husband on his death-bed by his grasping and unprincipled relatives are a mockery of justice and a disgrace to the nation.

—The Springfield *Republican* wisely and well says of our cause that it seems very difficult still, as well for many of the friends as for most of the opponents of the new movement in behalf of woman, to comprehend its scope, and mission, and to state fairly either its objects of probable results. To many on both sides it stands simply for the oppurtunity to hold offices and draw the same pay as men; to a few of its advocates, and to many of its enemies, it would seem to be representend by the right to swap husbands at sight. But there is no great danger that the success of the movement will revolutionize either the fundamental laws of nature or those of social and politial ceonmy. Its moves rather in the line of their fulfiment than of their abolition. It follows their lead, instead of setting itself up against them. This is why it should succeed; this is why it may be trusted to work good and not harm. We may not clearly see its detailed effects, while we may surely feel that, since it moves in obedience to the laws of God and of civilization, they must, on the whole, be beneficient and not baneful.

—Mrs. Stanton's lecture in San Francisco, on marriage and divorce, made a profound and favorable impression. Among other things, she said, when womanhood is as dignified and independent as manhood, in and of itself, add labor equally honorable for both, woman will not marry to escape the odium of being called old maids or to live by the bounty of another. Let us remember that womanhood is the great fact—wifehood and motherhood its incidents. A place in the world of work, in the trades and professions, will enable women to marry from the highest motives, not from their necessities. It will teach them, too, the value of money—to earn what they spend will be the best possible check to extravagance, and end much of the domestic contention over the almighty dollar. And this place she is slowly conquering to-day. Let every wise father educate his daughter to self-support if he would make her life happy and independent. If girls had occupation, kind fathers and mothers would not be so often called to doplore the unfortunate marriages so many of their daughters make. If they were kept in colleges, as their brothers are, until twenty-five, studying science and philosophy, they would not commence the study of man at sixteen.

AN APP AL TO WOMEN.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

A study of the normal relation and relative responsibility of man and woman, as individuals and as partners in social relations shows the necessity of purity in conjugal life; of physical and moral improvement in parentage, that a prolific source of disease, vice and crime may be eradicated from society; the best method of training children to develop moral sensibilities and power of will; the true principles of government and their application to individual family and State; the impracticability of diminishing crime by civil enactment, or without vigorous moral force, and the renunciation of individual freedom to the general welfare. All these are questions to be solved by the wisdom of the future, and from such solution a higher standard of sentiment and conduct will be inwoven into the fabric of society, if our civilization continues in the line of permanency and progress, and bears humanity onward to the state of peace and good-will which all lovers of goodness and human welfare seek.

Believing that moral laws are not arbitrary and antagonistic to the welfare and happiness of the individual and community, but that they coincide with the orderly and healthful exercise of the appetites and needs of the physical, and with the principles of best government in family and State; considering that the moral attainment of humanity falls far below its intellectual scope and comprehension, and fails under present methods of teaching and agencies of reformation to promise relief from the worst forms of vice and criminality; that protection for one sex in the indulgence of a most degrading vice is attempted by legislation which imposes upon women conditions left out of the "regulations" for men, and shuts all possible avenues of return to society from her without interfering thus with him, and cannot secure protection to innocence. We earnestly commend to all lovers of human welfare the inauguration of a movement by local educational committees and societies which will tend to the development of moral science and the quickening of the moral sense; by promoting a more intelligent understanding of the relations and unity of moral and physical laws, embracing physical and mental culture, and making these instrumental to a purer, nobler, and more perfect manhood and womanhood.

The questions which can no longer be suppressed, and the agitation of which cannot fail to affect the thought of the rising generation for good or ill, deserve serious and earnest consideration of all who desire the unfoldment of a higher and purer social state, and we hope that the unused power of thought, knowledge, aspiration and conviction, now scattered and inoperative, will be at many points brought into activity and concentrated by exchange of thought, the careful study and research which these vital subjects demand, and the execution of methods to disseminate the results of study and experience. We respectfully solicit response from all who sympathize with and will help carry forward the purpose proposed, by any kind of contribution or effort.

BOSTON, MASS.

Mrs. Bullard writes a pleasant note from Paris. She expects to reach home in October.

Contributions.

GOVERNED BY GOWNS.

BY M. N. ADAMS.

There is a loud cry in some quarters that the dignity of legislative halls would be greatly impaired if skirts, bonnets, and long gowns worn by women should be admitted there. Cannot women wear their own clothes with more grace than do men who borrow them? When a strong man by force, courage, and genius, has gained any renown, he is then robed in a gown to signify that he is chief, the keeper of the State, Church, or Court.

When a man conquers a nation, and stands as its head, he is robed in a mantle or gown, trimmed with finery, and styled Emperor. When a man forces his way through a band of ambitious, crafty priests, to the head of the church, he is decked with a superfluity of gowns, sacks, and sashes; a cap is put on his head far higher than any queen of fashion wears, and a ring is put on the finger. When a man is distinguished for justice, judgment, and insight, his pantaloons and coat are covered by a gown, and in some places a set of curls adorns his head to indicate that he is supreme judge. Even the clergy, when they are to teach "sacred truths" and administer the ordinances of the church, cover their manly forms in the beautiful symbolical costume, and stand before the congregation as masculine, overshadowed by the feminine, to represent man and woman.

Nothing happens by chance. These men unconsciously have expressed a law in human nature. In every household, where order and peace have reigned, the final word of the mother has been the law. These men have seen a fitness, as there has been in the strong man donning the graceful robe of woman. It hid the strong shoulder and brawny arm.

Man not speaking with authority in Church or State till they were gowned, was a foretelling of the time when members accustomed to gowns habitually, would speak with authority.

It is a significant fact that the men who wear gowns, are those most opposed to women with their legitimate dress being an authority. The college boys in America, it is noticed, never assume the gown to distinguish them as students. They are wise; they were waiting to welcome to their halls such members of the human family as do not have to assume them. It is quite possible that we may continue to be governed by gowned persons—that we may gain what has been so long indicated, and attain the full exercise of this symbol of the world's wish.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, Aug. 25, 1871.

A SENTIMENTAL CRAB STORY.

BY SHIRLEY DARE.

Aren't you tired of seeing that Yokohama crab story which has stared everybody on some leaf of the five hundred popular newspapers which everybody, more or less, reads? About the monster crab weighing forty pounds, etc., I don't want to nauseate you or myself with the details. From the cream-tinted pages of *Every Saturday* to the two-cent evening sheet, in the cozy-polite pages of the *Bazar* and the standard weekly paper from Chicago, and the religious weekly, and the county journal, that same vile morsel of untruth gapes at us.

That crab was born in some smart journalist's inkstand; and those who believe it may have the comfort of knowing that they have caught a crab worse than any novice in college boat-club. Some items are epidemic in the newspapers, and the twin to this Yokohama crab in popularity seems to be this pathetic morceau which I cut from the thirteenth paper which had copied it. Judging from its rapid quotations, it seems to have touched the fresh, tender hearts of managing editors generally. It is to the effect that a gentleman, who had just been parted from his wife by a decree of divorce, burst into tears while saying good-bye to his baby in the arms of its stolid and inexorable mother; and it forms a fine text for a column aimed at the callousness of women, and vileness of the divorce laws.

Perhaps the woman had such a story as this to tell, which I copy from life without any draft on the writer's imagination, and with the wife's sad voice sounding in my ears as I write. She was of good Eastern family, rarely educated and refined, one of Mary Lyons' scholars in piety and self-devotion. Her husband was college-bred and a clergyman of much esteem as a teacher of rigid principle and exactness, very punctilious about his debts, living after the austerest type of Presbyterian regulations, bringing religious rules to bear in his household from the least thing to the greatest, but gifted with an almost papal opinion of his own authority and rights; and how did this well-taught gentleman, this scrupulous religionist, treat his delicate wife?

The first thing in the wedding tour, he gave a specimen of the economy which ruled their future lives by forcing his wife to walk two miles in thin cloth gaiters through a drenching rain, to save carriage fare in the city where he was delegate to an ecclesiastic convention. She was laid up sick for weeks after this piece of conjugal care. Afterward she taught, to help support the family, hearing classes in her room as she lay on the bed unable to rise. Her baby was carried into the school-room when it could sit alone, and teaching went on as usual, though the husband averred himself very disappointed in finding her in such poor health, when he wanted a woman who could work well. His family discipline began when each of his children were three months old, seizing an evening, when the baby naturally cried for its mother, to spank the little thing for hours, till, in exhaustion, it ceased crying.

This, however, often lasted till far in the night. By a few trials of this kind the child learned that a whimper was followed by a blow, and only trembled pitifully at the approach of its tormentor. This was religious training, in his sight, destined early to "break their wills," and inspire them with the principle of implicit obedience. How the mother's heart bled through these contests between a puny child and a pitiless father, mothers can imagine. In the second infant the agitation of these scenes developed heart-disease, of which the child died at five years old. But spite of the physician's warning that such treatment did more harm than he could counteract, the severe whippings were repeated to the last year of the child's life. A post-mortem examination showed its heart was worn through with excited throbbing. One would have thought such a lesson would have mitigated the discipline in a father's hand, but it was kept up with three younger children.

For not hearing a call to the house when busy at play, the oldest daughter, at ten years old, was whipped with a riding-whip till the blood flowed from a cut which left a scar till she was a woman grown. With bitter sarcasm she used to say "That scar taught me to love my father!" The same girl left an inkstand thoughtlessly in a room which a young man slept in, and her father forced her to get out of bed and go to that room, where the man had just retired, in her night-dress, to bring the ink as a punishment. What harder could have been devised for a tall, womanly girl? But the shrinking, weeping, imploring child was forced to obey. To obey! What child of that household ever dared to disobey any command, knowing that its life would be whipped out of it sooner than they should be allowed to rebel, no matter how degrading the mandate. I write this literally; the man avowedly considered that no child's life was to be held in comparison with the guilt of disobedience. When the girl was too old to be whipped with any decency for trivial offences, he would say, "You do so again, and I will insult you before the hired men, so that you won't know where to put your face." This, to the hot, quick delicacy of sixteen.

And offences were multiplied in his code. He was a man of mean economies, who limited the water a child used to brush its teeth with, and the time it took to dress, the old newspapers torn up, and the spoonfuls of sugar and soap used. I am speaking of large children, for this surveillance was kept strictly up till the last moment he could legally claim any right to interfere. The privacy of his daughter's dressing-room was never sacred till she was eighteen. Amusements and society were almost proscribed. The wife's little property went to secure a farm in the West, as the climate and business of school-teaching did not agree with the head of the family any longer. Once launched on the trials of life in a new country the comforts of this family were still more abridged. The house-keeping was kept for twelve years on the meanest scale. Penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policy governed the man. It was a crime to waste a grain of corn or bit of string, but whole harvests were neglected till half their value was lost, and barrels of meat would be thrown away for want of proper attention in curing. To pay for this, the children must go without winter clothes till March, and the wife wear out the handsome cloth and poplin dresses, given her by friends, at the washtub, for want of a shilling calico. The liberality of her sisters at the East clothed the family and paid for most of the few comforts they had. When the man found his property in danger, the kind sister-in-law paid his debts and forgave him the obligation out of her moderate income. The wife's money was swallowed up, and loan after loan beside, through bad management and want of enterprize. The children were educated at home through the kindness of her friends.

The third daughter died of consumption, caught by wearing summer clothing in midwinter, because the father neglected going to

miles to the market town to lay in stores for cold weather till all his other work was done and the roads were blocked up with snow. The parlor carpet of best three-ply by his orders was unpacked to serve alternately as a bed covering in want of blankets, or for a threshing floor to beat out wheat or beans on. He compelled his wife to cook pork for the family, which was so putrid that the hired man refused to eat it, and declared that he could not find anything amiss with it. The insects were cut from the pork, and it was adjudged proper food; at least no other was furnished. Every vestige of ordinary sensibility seemed to die out of the man year by year. His personal habits were simply intolerable; spitting, and blowing his nose, on the carpet were indulgences he could not give up; even when implored to by his wife who could not forget the instincts of refinement in her crushed estate. He would call for the dinner knives to scrape his boots with on coming from the barnyard, and laugh at the indignant tears of his grown daughter as she obeyed the brutal command. Sensibilities were of no account but to jest over in his eyes. Mind, I am following the coarse outline of facts in this story, and it will not credit human nature much, or be pleasant to read about. Nor is this the only case of similar disregard of decencies and refinements used to inflict the nicest torture on a wife and family. Fancy your sensations madam, if your husband when called on by a brother clergyman and his wife, should appear in his dirty working garb from the harvest fields, or sit down with one sleeve rolled up, and indulge in a deliberate and luxurious scratch up and down its length, following with similar relief for bosom, legs, and finally sit unconscious in the circle with the top of his sock pushed down, scratching his ankle! I remember to have seen the man do that himself in the presence of ladies. Politeness would have been best served if they had marked their sense of the impropriety by walking out of the house. The list of offences need not be longer; it was carried out for thirty years, day after day in a fashion revolting to see or to speak of.

But absolute cruelty was added. Submission, *as it always does*, wife, daughter, subordinate, whoever you are, mark my words, strengthened the spirit of unlawful and overbearing authority. At last the revolt came. Almost maddened by the excessive punishment of a little boy six years old, whose crime was crying with fatigue after standing two hours for a smaller offence, the oldest daughter, the only one then, tore the whip from her father's hands and broke it. The mother, frightened by the fury with which he seized the girl—a woman grown then, tried to separate them, when the husband turned on her and beat her over the head with the rod, bringing the blood from a wound on her temple. Fancy this scene well. Here was not an Irish cartman beating his stout-bodied wife, but a minister of the Gospel; no half-taught, low-bred itinerant, but educated among gentlemen whether he was one or not, in a wild beast fury hurling his daughter against the door, and lashing his frail wife till the blood flowed from the wounds. A nice exposition of family authority! The daughter shall tell the story of the years that followed:

"It was a disgrace that terrified and silenced us. The blows on my *mother* were kept a family secret. I think it was three years after that I was at home, and witnessed the scene again. In my absence, mother told me he threw a hammer at her head in an argument when she disputed his memory, which was notoriously poor as to family occurrences. I was upstairs lying down one day when I heard a scuffling noise below, and going to the stairs saw my father, with the air and voice of a fury, knocking my mother's head against the wall I called him a coward, and he left her and rushed at me, shouting, "Come down; I'll have you out of the house!" His face was terrible; it was not the face of a man but of a beast; his eyes wild and flaming like a wolf's when angry. I clung to the supports of the stairs, but he pulled my arm till I knew it would come out of the socket, and I suffered myself to be dragged down stairs, and thrown out of doors and the doors locked against me. I waited till he went to work, saw mother safe and went away to my uncle. I told the story to those who had the only right to help us, but they desired me to hush it up and submit to my father—anything rather than bring the family into disgrace. I always thought they cared everything about the effect it might reflect on them, and very little for mother or me. Soon after, mother had a paralytic stroke, and has never recovered. I thought then my father never could strike her another blow; and the shame of exposure to his own relatives did have a good effect on him for a long time, but when a man once strikes a woman, it is like the taste of blood. If he forgets himself once he will do so again. Since then, opposition to his will or word brings the threat or the blow. My mother has been thrust into her bed room for a remark made at family worship, and locked there till he chose to let her out. She has been threatened with being thrown out of the carriage if she persisted in correcting her husband's memory of affairs; threatened with a horsewhip before her eyes, driving on the public road, in the presence of others; and one week ago—one week before this article was written—both she and I trembled under his strong arm and demoniac fury. I sleep with the club, which he held over me, under my bed; a nice affair, the size of my wrist. I shall not ask advice of relatives this time, nor of my mother's friends, who have never been told these things before. The law shall take its course."

What is this law? I have heard the divorce law of Illinois spoken of as a corrupt thing, giving license to weak and wicked passions; but looking into it, what can the loosest reading find in it but protection for the weak and neglected? This licentious law provides relief from marriage bonds for the one great cause recognized by Bible, Church and State, and farther for these reasons: inadequate support, cruel treatment and desertion. In the opinion of the lawyers whose help I called in to read these clauses, severe and cruel treatment does not mean that a woman is to wait till her head is laid open, or till her husband treats her to a daily beating. The same threatening of blow or assault for which, if offered to another man, the law holds a man in bonds to keep the peace, in the case of his wife justifies her in seeking relief from his tender assiduities. The uplifted arm, the threat, constitute grounds of appeal. They are a coercion by physical force which the law does not allow. A woman may be provoking in speech or manner, but a man has no right to strike or threaten her, for she has neither strength to carry her offence farther, or to defend herself if her cause is right. And very few women can be found even among the dregs of their sex who say hard words without good cause for them. I have known several women who have told their husbands that they lied, that they were cowards, and mean spirited husbands—not very pleasant language, but in each case most richly deserved in the opinion of every disinterested hearer. Pray, is a woman to be loaded with insulting suspicions, to have her earnings coolly taken from her without any return, and to be annoyed by petty malice without retaliating sometimes in the pretty free language of human nature? Just apply the laws which prevail among men to women, and give the sex the benefit of their weakness beside. Any woman who screens her husband after the third blow he gives her does him mischief as well as herself. He should have the benefit of the chastisement which the law awards, to help him keep his temper under control. For the sake of her own sex, no woman ought to bear with an arbitrary and cruel husband. I believe seriously, taking the educated classes of the country alone, that the majority of wives would confess that their husband's hands had been uplifted against them at some time or other, if the truth were told. I judge this from the confessions of men as well as women. The London press affirms that the practice of wife beating is not an uncommon one among the upper ranks of the English clergy in the rural districts.

ANOTHER ADVOCATE.

Mr. Ledyard Bill, in his recently published work, "Minnesota," gives his matured conviction in favor of suffrage for women. He says it would open avenues of usefulness and elevation to the sex, which nothing so far has seemed to offer them. His book contains wise and seasonable suggestions on hygiene for girls, as preventive of consumption. He says: "Not until quite a recent date were we inclined to advocate women's rights, which is but another name—as modernly interpreted—for the ballot. Now we are persuaded that it would be wise for the States to concede this, and thereby open a new channel to them for thought, at once weakening their hold on fashion, and enlarging their views of life and its requirements. Good to the race, it would seem, must come of any change whereby the rising generation shall have less of fashion and its attendant evils, and more of health, with its accompanying blessings."

Thus, one by one, men eminent in the professions, lawyers, clergymen, physicians, legislators, and savants, give in their adherence to our cause, and bear their weighty, invaluable testimony in its favor. It only needs for the public to listen to their wise words, and give proper heed to their instruction, and the people will spontaneously grant all that we ask.

"Where's your filial gratitude, you naughty boy? What would you have been without your kind father and mother?" "I s'pose as how I'd been an orphan, sir."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee to authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 7, 1871.

THE CITY OF PARIS.

PARIS, Aug. 19, 1871.

No one who entered this city for the first time this pleasant summer month, and who knew nothing of the late fearful siege which it has passed through, or who had heard nothing of the brief reign of the Commune and its dramatic close, would ever dream that Paris had so recently been the scene of such suffering, such horrors, such excesses, as history must chronicle as its experiences during the spring and summer of 1871.

To the casual observer, Paris is the same bright, gay and bewildering city which has held its queenly pre-eminence so long among the other cities that would fain rival it were it possible to do so.

The streets are as clean, the throngs of people as orderly, well dressed and cheerful in appearance as ever. Before the *cafes* sit the same crowds, sipping their wine, reading their papers, smoking their cigarettes, that have done the same thing under King, Emperor, Commune or Republican President. In the shops are the same sprightly women, offering their wares with smiles as attractive as the pretty goods they have to tempt one's taste and pocket.

In the streets the same busy crowd of workmen are engaged in building and repairing houses as in the days when Baron Hausman set his regiments of laboring men at work, first in tearing down old Paris, then in building up a new Paris in its place.

Idlers, busy people, foreigners, soldiers, nurses and children, the same motley throng pass before one in ceaseless procession as in the days before the dreadful Prussian war which has wrought such havoc in France.

The first impression the city of Paris makes on one who visits it, is that it bears wonderfully few vestiges of the strange and awful events of which it has been the theatre.

A closer inspection of it shows that it has not come forth from the fiery trial so scathless as one might imagine.

In nearly every street, many shops are closed. "To Let," on building after building, is an ominous sign of failure, disaster and death of the former occupants of these once well-filled places of business.

Lame and disabled soldiers hobbling about on crutches, pale with recent sickness, meet us everywhere. Sad reminders of the horrors which war brings in its train.

In some districts whole rows of houses which have been gutted by the mob and by fire, are so many desolate and dismal records of the reckless fury of the frantic populace.

Passing by the Palais de Justice, another sad reminder of the dark days of Paris is forced upon one. In that building some of the men, who, for a short time, ruled Paris, are now paying a severe penalty for their brief triumph. The chiefs of the Commune are now on trial, if that may be called a trial where the sentence is a foregone conclusion. Crowds of people surround the court-room, throng the stair-cases, and line the street, during the hours of the session, waiting to hear some fresh item in the trial, or to catch a glimpse of the prisoners, with that strange and morbid curiosity which is so marked a characteristic of mankind when their fellows are in circumstances of trouble or danger.

Crossing the fine court of the Tuilleries and Louvre, that magnificent pile of buildings of which the rulers of France for centuries have been striving to make the finest palace in the world, the ruins of the whole wing are a striking commentary on the antagonism between ruler and people, which slumbers at times, but may at any moment spring up in fierce rage against the oppressors.

It is hard to forgive the vandalism which tore down the column of the Place Vendome, and applied the torch to the priceless gallery of the Louvre, and which would have reduced to ashes the Imperial library, that matchless collection of books and manuscripts, whose loss would have been an irreparable misfortune not only to France but to the world. Every lover of the beautiful, too, would deplore the destruction of the magnificent palace which Catharine de Medicis begun, and to which almost every monarch of France since her time has added some new beauty; yet a republican and a radical must sympathize, to a certain extent, with the excesses of an outraged people who would have torn down the symbol of the sovereignty which had trampled them under foot so long.

In that palace they saw only the outward sign of the resistless force which had made their sons menials or food for the bayonet, if the tyrant had need of them in either capacity to serve his own purposes. In those walls they saw only the results of their own poorly paid and unremitting labor; the splendid rooms were only a cruel mockery of their own squalid homes, and they took a bitter pleasure in tearing down what they felt their own blood and toil, and that of their ancestors, had helped to raise. We have built it, shall we not destroy it if we please, was their unspoken feeling. A palace built by a people for the man whom they had chosen to execute their will is something of which they may justly be proud. It is a monument of the greatness and generosity of the people to whom it belongs and for whose servant it was reared. The more elegant it is, the better; for it then becomes an evidence of their good taste as well as of their wealth. But when a palace is built, not by the people for their chief magistrate, but by the ruler who wrings its cost from his unwilling subjects, its very magnificence is only an additional disgrace to the men and women who erected it and the men and women who suffered its erection, if they make no protest against it. This protest the French have made; but it is well that they stayed their hands before razing the palace to the ground, and did a better thing by leaving it for the residence of the ruler of their choice.

When M. Thiers, the President of the French Republic, takes up his abode in the palace which is now rapidly being restored—for only one wing was seriously injured—Catharine de Medicis, Louis XIV, and old Richelieu, if their shades still linger round the ancient palace, must groan in spirit; but Voltaire, Rosseau, Madame Roland, and a host of others, will rejoice in the glorious advance towards freedom, which their beloved France has thus shown herself capable of making.

Out of her misfortunes this great nation has known how to win a victory. From the nettle danger she has plucked the flower safety. The base metal of a monarch's ambition she has transmuted into the fine gold of a nation's freedom.

In this contest between liberal Germany and imperial France, France is the real conqueror. Germany triumphant—flushed with victory—is trampled under foot by iron-heeled Bismarck, and crowns an ex-emperor, who is more fully of the divine right of kings than any monarch since Philip II., of Spain; and France crushed, bleeding and fallen, yet rises to the glory of self-government.

INTEMPERATE WOMEN.

A good deal has been said of late about the use of alcoholic stimulants by fashionable women. Numerous cases of excessive indulgence in wine, and even stronger drinks, have occurred. The public has been regaled with sensational theories of the drunkenness of wealthy women, of lunches at which the ladies indulged in strong drinks until they were obliged to be carried home, and of young ladies found on the street in a state of intoxication, and carried to their agonized parents by sympathizing gentlemen.

All of which is exciting and romantic. The story started in England, and has been republished with additions and illustrations. There is undoubtedly truth enough in it to serve as its foundation—too much to be winked out of sight. With the increase of luxury, and a coincident increase of strain upon the nervous system, the use of wine and other alcoholic stimulants by women has increased. Ladies habitually take wine with more freedom than was once the custom. Social usage has incautiously tolerated this habit until it has grown dangerous; and bad as it is for men, for women it is even more critical and destructive. But, then, the slightest excess in drinking is noticed in a woman when it would not be observed in a man. Moreover, we are not to suppose that the apparent increase of drinking among women is an exact measure of the practice itself. Great additions have been made, of late years, to medical knowledge of the more obscure effects of chronic drinking; and the consequence is that this vice is now constantly detected as the true cause of symptoms that would once have been imputed to "hysteria" and similar disorders. Thus it is that there now occurs a more frequent detection of the habit than formerly, and to this account is to be set a fraction of the supposed increase; for it is a well-known fact that women, as well as men, have always drank to excess, and have sought in the intoxicating cup the means of heightening their charms, or drowning their grief.

Undoubtedly much of the increase of in-

temperance among women comes from a taste for wine acquired in sickness. Many physicians have prescribed intoxicating stimulants for women who found relief in their use, and then continued their use until the habit of drinking was fixed beyond their power to break. Still oftener, however, women have doctored themselves in cases of debility, or temporary pain, by resorting to alcoholic stimulants, and in time what was found an annodyne is made an article of regular consumption. The fashion of sipping wine with friends who call, and with guests at the table, often leads to its more frequent use, and in large quantities. Women have times of nervous debility, lassitude, and depression, when the tired system seems to need the stimulus that wine imparts, and the excitement and glow it induces lures the unsuspecting user of it to frequent indulgence. Our advanced civilization makes a more powerful strain on the nervous system than that of former periods, and the wear and tear of social intercourse and excitements prepare the way for the use of stimulants of all kinds.

These facts should be borne in mind, partly to enable us to account for the increase of the evil we deplore, and partly as a warning against the fearful peril to which all women are exposed. Alcoholic drinks are more exciting, injurious, and dangerous to women than to men. Women, by their organization, are more likely to fall into a habit of drinking to excess, and are less likely to break it off and desist from wine altogether, than men. The brain of woman, smaller and finer than that of man, is more readily disturbed by exciting causes, while her instincts and perceptions, swifter and keener in a normal state, are more readily perverted. It is of the utmost importance that every woman should watch her habits, and set a fast and rigid control over her appetite in this particular. She should do it for her own sake, for the sake of her health, her happiness, her home, her influence, her example. She should think how her indulgence may encourage her husband, or sons, or daughters, in the use of what may prove their ruin and her own. She should remember that, however, under certain circumstances, the use of wine is pardonable, and, perhaps, beneficial, it is usually baneful, and leaves an avenger in the brain or the blood. The tired nerves need rest, and not additional goading. The aching head teases for the sleep which kind mother Nature pours as a sweet libation from her beneficent pharmacopœa for the relief of her patients. Not cordials, but culture, is the best specific for vivacity and attractiveness. The glow of health, the exhiliaration of body and mind from vigorous physical exercise, the stimulus that comes from the enjoyment of natural beauty, and the indulgence of generous impulses are a thousand times sweeter and more thrilling, more ennobling and more enduring than any excitement alcoholic stimulants can give. And the more women do to break up the habit of drinking in men, and to wean them from the wine-cup, the less likely will they be to become victims of intemperance.

COUNTRY LIFE FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Henrietta Field, wife of Dr. Field, editor of the New York *Evangelist*, recently gave a very suggestive and charming address in Stockbridge before a society formed a few years for the purpose of beautifying the town, and through the efforts of Mrs. John H. Goodrich. Her subject was "Country Life for Women, and the following extract will be read with special interest by all who have not that good fortune:

"Our country life has lost a great deal of its simplicity; for many it is only of a few months, but its full charm is for those who round the year in its quiet succession of pleasures and duties.

"In the country, whatever her circumstances of fortune, woman finds that which is an imperative want of her nature—*a refined home* In a city, if poor, she cannot escape, or shield her children from the noisy, vulgar life swarming around her; the tenement lodging, or the second rate boarding-house only remain to her. But under a pure sky, in a balmy atmosphere, the humblest cottage nestling at the foot of the mountain, or under the shadow of one of our majestic elms, can be the fitted home, I will not say of a lady—the word is associated with too many vulgar pretensions—but of a gentlewoman. This just equality between the cottage and the more costly residence establishes at once easy social relations. If the circumstances of position and education may modify them, they never alter the kind feeling which renders the name of neighbor almost synonymous with friend.

"And how this kind feeling shelters and helps woman in the whole course of her life! She may be sorrowful and lonely; but she never will know utter *isolation*; from her lips will never come this saddest wail of the human heart, Nobody cares for me! She never watches alone by the bed of sickness of her beloved; women, true sisters, are there to share her sad vigils. Tender hearts see that want adds nothing to her burden of anxious thoughts. And if the great agony comes, she does not go alone to the grave where her treasures are laid. Rich and poor, old and young, march with her in the sad procession. In the solitary home, shrouded in the deep shadow of widowhood, she is not left desolate. It is true the great rush of life passes her by, and she is alone. But she knows that she is neither forgotten nor neglected. Patiently bearing her burden, she dreads nothing for the dark future; she can never want friends.

"Whatever may be said of women's feelings toward each other, these littlenesses are almost always an under-current, which the mighty wave of kindness easily overleaps. Women are *solidaire* to each other; no joy, no trouble comes to one, but it sends to the heart of all a thrill of sympathy, and this beautiful sisterhood lasts to the grave. To me who did not know the custom, it was inexpressibly touching to see here women walking beside the bier as pall-bearers at the funeral of a woman, irrespective of worldly distinction, paying in deep reverence this last homage to the dignity of womanhood.

"'I do not know even my next door neighbor,' is one of the common boasts of the residents of cities. This may do very well in a row of brown-stone houses; but it is cold comfort in a village. I *want* to know my neighbor, and moreover I *must*. We are dependent on each other in a thousand ways; and if not in kind feeling, this dependence may assert itself very unpleasantly. On woman the harmony of a neighborhood depends a great deal. She gives the impulse to the social relations of the place; her tact may conciliate all little asperities as easily as her temper may exaggerate them in bitter discord."

"WE WAIT FOR AN ANSWER."

Under this head the New York *Standard* takes occasion to make a covert attack on Mrs. Stanton and Miss. Anthony, on account of sympathy alleged to have been manifested towards Laura D. Fair, now under sentence of death for shooting Mr. Crittenden, a lawyer of eminence, who had deserted his wife and family, and had, for years, given himself, soul and body, to the woman who finally avenged not only her own wrongs, but the wrongs of his wife, by meteing to him his just reward. It is not our intention to justify Mrs. Fair in her act; but that Crittenden met a fate he richly deserved no one will deny.

Had Mrs. Crittenden shot both Mrs. Fair and her recreant and most guilty husband, the world would have upheld her. We have here to do simply with the *Standard* in regard to the article under the above caption. It may perhaps appear a hard thing for a woman's paper to utter; but if the editor of the *Standard* was a woman, and had some spite towards the ladies against whom it makes repetition of a slanderous report, we could account for the presence of that article in its columns.

But what motive the editor of the *Standard* could have in giving further circulation to a matter calculated to cast a shadow on the proceedings of two ladies whose conduct and motives have always been, and now are, above suspicion, we are at a loss to guess. We must reiterate that that article appears to us the fruit of a longing desire or hope that the ladies named may have done something censurable, and worthy of withering rebuke. To throw the shadow of a doubt on these women is a crime against all society, as well as against the noble, fearless women, themselves. To utter a falsehood, and then apologize and contradict it, is no compensation to the injured party, nor yet to public morality, which is outraged thereby. To publish a malignant falsehood, and qualify it with a feeble, languidly expressed hope that it may be a mistake, or malicious misrepresentation of the press, should be poor consolation to a conscience not wholly seared by its own lascivious and free-love doctrines and practices.

We maintain that a visit to the prisoner, man or woman, incarcerated for crime, of whatever character, is always in order with really virtuous and honorable women. If Jesus forgave the woman taken in adultery, and said to the thief on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," we should like to know what there is, or can be criminal, or needing any answer or explanation in the visit of two respectable, intelligent ladies, with world-wide reputation for ability and purity of life, to the cell of the vilest creature alive for the purpose of condolence, or any other purpose such women could go for?

We wait for an answer also. We would like to know when the writer of that article became possessed of the immaculate virtue that scoffs at sympathy with the fallen, and whether such virtue would not be more seemly if a little less ostentatious.

Special Correspondence.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN IOWA.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

There are several reasons why the cause of woman's suffrage has steadily increased in favor in our State. Some of them are these: It is an interior State with many small cities, but no large one. Large congregations of people form a nucleus for all uncleanness and injustice to centre. No large bodies of libertines or other enemies of society are here in sufficient numbers to form a combined opposition, as there is in large cities. Then we are so near the great West beyond us, that there is a scarcity of men who are willing to stay and teach, preach, or superintend schools.

This gives the competent woman an advantage over the incompetent candidates. The class of people who have settled Iowa are intelligent and reliable. There are no mines to tempt the gambler or speculator. There is an unsurpassed, rich soil, good building quarries, rich coal fields, &c.; but there has been little to tempt the idlers of society. The small towns and thriving villages have filled up as by magic with comfortable houses for homes. In thousands of these homes the young wife was better educated than the enterprising, stirring husband. They take the papers to read together; he confers with her on business, and depends upon her selection of literature for the house. As the little family gather about them, and the school, the county questions, the affairs of State, come up, it is the most natural thing in the world for that husband to think of this woman, who is at the head of his home, as a citizen of State on an equality with himself. We find enemies to woman suffrage where the woman is uneducated or frivolous, or the bar-room stands open to draw the man from home, or libertines whisper words against the influence of all women, and draw the husband into their circle, where he shall learn to look upon this world as belonging to men, and all creatures made for their amusement.

It has been a great advantage to have the papers that so ably advocated this reform taken so universally by those who have influence. A number of excellent speakers, among the first being Mrs. Brinkerhoff, have canvassed the State; but the most influential cause has been the fact the youth are educated together. In common and private schools the brother and sister have the same advantages from the primer till they leave the State University at Iowa City. Those sects that have established colleges were forced at first to admit girls in order to live and support their professors, and now, even if they wished it, it would be difficult to confine them to young men. Female seminaries are short-lived in this State. Catharine Beecher founded one at Dubuque. It has passed from one set of hands to another, but has never prospered though most excellent teachers have tried to teach the young ladies faithfully. The Episcopalians were the last that tried. It will probably pass into the hands of the Catholics and become a nunnery school. That sect has a faculty of prospering whether the principles of a nation favor or disfavor them. The work for woman's suffrage in Iowa has necessarily to be done more quietly than where the circumstances are different. No unjust laws are to be repealed. Women are welcomed into pulpits and into the educational ranks, with no protest save from some stray conservative of Eastern ways.

It has seemed to me that Iowa editors more often speak of women with the same respect as they show men, than do editors of other States. We do not often see here "female suffrage" by the side of "manhood suffrage." They say "school for girls," not "female school." There are numberless little things that indicate that the men, by being in the habit of considering girls as students at school, and afterward at the University, as associate editors of their paper, and as thinkers in their literary clubs, naturally think of them, when they leave the University and go into the pulpit or editors' chairs, as fellow-workers for the State—as women not merely females.

Some desire that the next legislature shall give the people an opportunity to vote for or against the recommendation of the last legislature, which was for the enfranchisement of woman. This would give an opportunity for discussion, and this always brings some good result even with defeat.

W. K. W.

DUBUQUE, Aug. 30, 1871.

JOURNALISTIC HASH.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Owing, no doubt, to the numerous strikes and fearful disasters that have occurred at the coal mines throughout the country during the past year, our usually heated term, has failed to reach the highest point of fahrenheit this season. The weather has been delightfully cool and wholesome in Chicago and its vicinity; but it is the fashion to leave town in July, consequently your friend "Outwest" left and visited that charming watering-place called Spring Lake.

It is in Michigan, about one hundred miles north of Chicago, and just across the lake from Milwaukee. A fine steamer leaves Chicago for Grand Haven every evening, and arrives there at six o'clock in the morning. This is on Grand River, and we are here transferred to a ferry-boat that takes us to our place of destination in about twenty minutes. It is two miles from Grand Haven. We leave Grand River and just enter that charming little sheet of water called Spring Lake. This delightful little lake is about six miles long, and from one to two miles wide, and during our stay it was generally as smooth as a French plate glass. It is nearly bordered with water-grass, ferns, and lily-pods. It is not inhabited by "sea nymphs," but by bright, sparkling little fish, who have the polite and agreeable habit of jumping at your bait hook in a very enthusiastic manner, and leaping with delight when brought to the surface, and it is not until they are dressed for the gridiron that they assume the sober and quiet manners of a well-regulated community of fish; but when they present themselves to you at table, after having politely taken off their heads, and donned their light brown dinner coats, (which, by the way, are very becoming), you feel like forgiving them for all the antics heretofore practiced upon you, and taking them immediately to your heart, giving them an inside passage thereunto.

I think I have before said that we just enter into this lake when we arrive at the first great well of "healing waters." The high road to the hotel passes through the reception room of the bath-house, in which is constantly flowing the great "fountain of health." Said fountain is usually surrounded by the ghosts of Falstaff's recruits, accompanied by their wives and families, together with a very respectable congregation of amused spectators. Leaving this, you enter a fine, commodious hotel, called the Spring Lake House. This, as well as nearly every private house in the village back of it, is full of boarders. Many come here for pleasure, but more for pain. The town is an old one, but the well is "new," and all its immediate surroundings, the hotel having been built this year and opened the first of June last. Now, this, you will remember, is a Western town, and although it is destined to be the Saratoga of the West, it has some very peculiar customs, which seem to be wholly established; for instance, the men and women invite each other, and go boldly up and drink together, without ornamenting their glasses with stick or straw. Our Western women have the bad manners to take upon themselves rheumatism, paralysis, and several other diseases to which men are subject, and come to the same spring to heal them. The parlors, porch, and office of the hotel, are occupied by men and women jointly. There is a newspaper report, quite current here in the West, that the belle of Newport is a widow, fat, fair and forty. Newport is behind the times. The acknowledged belle of Spring Lake is a man with a wooden leg, and to prevent being superceded by some designing woman, he writes his name Bell.

When I returned to Chicago I discovered that our "filthy pool," (not of politics but Chicago river) had been cleansed; the current had been nursed and made to flow backward into the Mississippi. Now this is in direct opposition to the original intentions of the original Creator of all things. He made that river to flow into Lake Michigan, and not the Mississippi; but man, with his ingenuity, has improved upon nature, and changed it so as to supply the great demands of the time. We make more demands upon Chicago river to-day than was made a hundred years ago, consequently men have taken the liberty to change the current to suit the times. There has been much fault-finding—it was too expensive, impracticable. St. Louis must suffer, and its drinking-water be polluted. The whole country west of us would suffer. The thing *was* a success, and a few miles west you would never know what a filthy pool had been let through. These filthy pools are great pets with some men. And now those suffragists are digging and digging to turn the current of public opinion backward to the equality of the sexes. The tide of womanhood will flow into the great political pool, and cleanse it as the Chicago river has been changed. We make more demands upon woman to-day than was ever made upon her, and her nature must be changed to suit the times.

The great stronghold for the suffragist in the West is our schools. In the educational reports, last June, there was no school without its young aspirant to the equality of the sexes; but the hardest thing of all, was that those Evanston women should monopolize our national day, the Fourth of July, and appropriate to their woman's college all the pro-

ceeds, some thirty-five thousand dollars. Our Chicago Board of Education have insulted their male teachers by giving women Principals the same salary as the men.

Alas! what is this world coming to?

OLIVE OUTWEST.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28, 1871.

HARVEST FESTIVALS.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Everything American should be cosmopolitan, something people of all parties, sects and nationalities can unite in. And such should be our festivals. It will not be long before our festival days will celebrate what is universal, and can have the sympathy of all men. The harvest festival in particular is one of those institutions which all people can join in and be the happier and better for celebrating.

Here in Delaware County, Iowa, we have just celebrated our harvest festival. At least five thousand people joined in the pleasures of the beautiful occasion. It had been the custom for the sportsmen to gather soon as the harvests were in, and have a grand chicken hunt. But a few years ago a long rain, followed by a snap of cold weather, chilled the prairie chickens' eggs. The harvest, however, was bountiful, and a grand picnic was substituted in place of the hunt, and was enjoyed so much that it has now become an institution. So what was merely a bachelor shooting party has blossomed into a festival in which women and children take special delight, and all are made the happier for the occasion.

DELAWARE CO., Iowa, Aug. 25. M. N. A.

THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

If the dress of women expressed, in outward symbols, the purity and superiority of inner lives, I would be content; but when the brute creation is aped, and likenesses to dumb animals suggested, it is time to protest. Have women any individuality or principle who, afraid to give expression to their minds by rightly clothing their bodies, dress like all the butterflies in the street, and tamely submit to wear clothing *cut high at the bottom, low at the top, and very much crowded behind.—Laura C. Holloway.*

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TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Single copies, five cents.

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Burnett's Cologne—The best in America.
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Special Notices.

WANTED, all the numbers of THE REVOLUTION from June, 1870, to 1871, for which a liberal price will be paid.

A LADY wishes a position as Assistant Editress, or would act as New York Correspondent. Has had experience on a daily paper; can write editorials on current topics, book reviews, etc., and is competent to correct proofs. Will not leave the city. Address AUTHORESS, No. 29 Morton St., New York.

WE WOULD SAY TO EVERY MOTHER who has a suffering child, go at once and procure a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It wil relieve the little one immediately, will allay all pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, regulates the bowels, and cures wind colic. By relieving the child from pain, it allows it quiet, natural sleep, and comforts the mother.

THE THIEF WHO was arrested for robbing Parson's store in this town, was found to have a quantity of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR in his possession. When asked why he wished to steal that article, he answered that he "wanted it to restore his hair, for it was hard to be thief and bald too." If that invention of the great chemist could restore a faded character as effectually as it does their natural beauty to bald and gray heads, it would surely be, as they say it now is, truly invaluable.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

WHAT BREAKS THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT?—A chorus of hollow coughs. One hears these premonitions of consumption in every street. Lying in bed they reach us from the adjoining houses. Are the sufferers aware that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar would soon take all the irritation out of their throats and lungs, and stop the paroxysms, which, if unchecked, must eventually become chronic and dangerous? If ignorant of the fact, lets us hope they will see this paragraph and profit by it. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and $1. Great saving to buy large size.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—The hair is the crowning glory of woman. There are few moderate defects which cannot be remedied by the proper disposition of the tresses. But when the hair begins to fall out, or turn gray, in young people, or with those in the prime of life, there is cause for real regret. When this is the case, *Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Restorer* will be found to be a first class remedy, far superior, as a sound *medical* medium, to any thing else before the public. It actually restores gray hair to its original color, and in the great majority of cases, causes it to grow again when it is becoming thin. It is not like many popular preparations, a *mere* wash, but a scientific discovery, indorsed and used by physicians of character. Address R. P. Hall & Co., Nashau, N. H.—*Forney's Weekly Press, Feb.* 1, 1868.

From the "American Journal of Pharmacy," May, 1865, edited by Wm. Proctor, Jr., Professor of Pharmacy, in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

"Will the Fluid Extract go out of use owing to the high price, or can we have some authoritative modification of the formulas by which we can make them at a more reasonable cost?"

"If the latter, shall the change be in the quality of the mestorum, or in the manner of applying it, so as to reduce the quantity requisite? Can there be a convocation of the Committee of Revision to authorize some new method or modification of the present recipes?

With regard to the contemplated change in the quantity, or in the menstrum itself, in the preparation of fluid extract. I would take occassion to say that in medicine the health of the patient is the great object to be gained.

The cost of the material is something, but when put into the scale with human health, and often human life, it is hardly worthy of consideration at all. My Buchu (Helmbold's) will continue to be made as formerly, and if it cannot be maintained at present prices, they will have to be advanced to meet the advance in the price of material. To such as desire quantity instead of quality we would say that water is a cheap commodity, and may be readily added by the person using the medicine if he desires to do so.

H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist and Chemist,
594 Broadway, N. Y. City.

EXTRACT.

[From the Brooklyn Union of May 30, 1871.]

Rare inducements are offered by the well-known and popular furniture house of Lang & Nau, 292 and 294 Fulton street, to all parties who desire to make any purchases in their line of business. They have recently leased the upper floors of the adjoining building, desiring to give their full assortment a fair show. This is a great saving of time for customers. They offer at very reasonable prices all styles of parlor, library, bedroom, and dining-room furniture, and are constantly adding to their stock. Messrs. Lang & Nau have done a good business during the past season. This is not strange when we take into account their desire to give satisfaction to all their customers, their promptness in executing orders, and the good quality and low prices of their furniture. Young housekeepers, as well as old, should not miss an opportunity like this.

EXTRACT.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle of May 17, 1871.]

We desire to call special attention to one of the furniture establishments of our city. At Nos. 292 and 294 Fulton street are located Messrs. Lang & Nau. It is scarcely a year since they opened here. They had made many business acquaintances during their former connection with leading furniture houses, and being thoroughly acquainted with every branch of their profession, they stepped into the favorable notice of our citizens. Their business has been a marked success. Recently they have taken the house adjoining it on the west, and made communication warerooms all through both houses. Here is to be seen a handsome and fashionable stock of first class furniture, at prices as low as the same quality can be found in this city, and much lower than the Broadway prices. Much preparatory work had to be done to find out just what the tastes of their customers were, and how to please them, and the success which has attended these young men has been most remarkable. Call and see their stock of goods, and you will be satisfied that we have not overpraised the firm of Messrs. Lang & Nau.

LOCKWOOD'S NEW ACADEMY,

139 AND 141 SOUTH OXFORD ST.,

(A few doors south-east of Fulton Avenue,)

For youth of both sexes and all grades, from kinkergarten to collegiate, inclusive. Reopens Sept. 11, 1871. On completing any course of study, pupils receive the diploma of that course. Principal's residence 412 Adelphi street, near Fulton.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLvania, North College avenue, and Twenty-second street, Philadelphia, Pa. The twenty-second annual session will begin on Thursday, October 5, 1871. Clinical advantages of an extended character are provided. For catalogue and other information, address

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Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*; which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

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Special attention paid to the furnishing of

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ICE CREAM AND ICES in Fancy or Plain Forms, with the different flavors.

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Has a beautiful and desirable stock to select from for family use. Call and examine.

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FREDERICK LOESER,

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We open on

MONDAY, the 16th inst.,

The first portion of our Spring importations of

FRENCH RIBBONS,

In all the desirable Millinery and Sash widths, comprising the richest qualities in

FAILLE,
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In all the various clans.

We have also in port, and will exhibit in a few days, a magnificent collection of the finest Coventry make of

BROCHE TARTANS,

After the new original designs of

Mr. SCOTT ADDIE, of London.

These goods are exactly the same as have been prepared for a leading London house, for the Court trade of the approaching season, and special attention is therefore invited.

FREDERICK LOESER,

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We have purchased, for cash, of the Nottingham Manufacturing Co. (limited), five cases of

ENGLISH HOSIERY,

on the bases of 63 cents on the dollar, which we shall offer for sale on

MONDAY NEXT,
THE 6TH INST., 6TH INST., 6TH INST.

They comprise 165 dozen

CHILDREN'S FULL REGULAR WHITE COTTON HOSE, AT 25 CTS. PER PAIR.

144 dozen LADIES' GENUINE IRON-FRAME HOSE, At 25 cts. per pair.

110 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, 38 cts. per pair.

118 dozen EXTRA LONG ENGLISH HOSE, very fine, At 42 cts. per pair.

82 dozen LADIES' BAL. RIGGAN EMBROIDERED HOSE, at 37 a pair.

ALSO

303 pieces BLACK GUIPIRE LACE, in five different patterns, at 90 cts. per yard.

We invite special attention to the above article, as we guarantee that the above announcement o. their purchase at 63 cents on the dollar is entirely correct.

FREDERICK LOESER,

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We offer a rich

FRENCH TWIST FRINGE

At 50c. per yard

also,

A line of NARROW BLACK GIMP HEADINGS at 25c. per yard, about half their actual value.

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20.00 PER DAY) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock-stitch*" (alike on both sides), and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing-Machine in the market. Address, JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep15 1y

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Together with a full assortment of

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All kinds of first-class Account Books, Paper and Stationery for business, professional and private use, at moderate prices. Job Printing, Engraving, Lithographic Work, and Book Binding of every style.

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Of all modern and fashionable styles, it is at

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Comparatively strangers a year ago, they have succeeded in taking a stand with the first houses in the country, by their desire to give perfect satisfaction to all parties who may call, whether purchasing or not. They have been compelled to add the upper floors of one of the adjoining houses to fully show their large assortment of

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DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

SOLID WALNUT MANTELS,

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TOGETHER WITH

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DRAPERIES,

AND PURE

HORSE-HAIR

UPHOLSTERY.

Young housekeepers especially should not forget this firm, at

292 AND 294 FULTON STREET

(From the Rural New Yorker.)

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—This valuable article is increasing in popularity as its merits become more widely known. The Detroit *Commercial Advertiser* says: "The celebrity of Merchant's Gargling Oil, and its efficacy in all cases where an external application would seem to be required, are now unquestioned. It has proved itself, by the sure test of experience, to be emphatically "good for man and beast," and is the best liniment in the world for which it is advertised. Thousands of testimonials, dating from 1833, have been received by the manufacturers, testifying to the almost marvelous cures wrought by it. Our Western readers know its merits too well to render anything from us necessary Mr. John Hodge, Secretary of the Manufacturing Co., Lockport, N. Y., stands high in the esteem of the community where he resides, and has also won the confidence of our merchants and dealers by the fairness and liberality of his dealings."

MERCHANT'S

Gargling Oil

IS GOOD FOR

Burns and Scalds,	*Rheumatism,*
Chilblains,	*Hemorrhoids or Piles,*
Sprains and Bruises,	*Sore Nipples,*
Chapped Hands,	*Caked Breasts,*
Flesh Wounds,	*Fistula, Mange,*
Frost Bites,	*Spavins, Sweeney,*
External Poisons,	*Scratches, or Grease,*
Sand Cracks,	*Stringhalt, Windgalls,*
Galls of all kinds,	*Foundered Feet,*
Sitfast, Ringbone,	*Cracked Heels,*
Poll Evil,	*Foot Rot in Sheep,*
Bites of Animals & Insects,	*Roup in Poultry,*
Toothache, &c., &c.,	*Lame Back, &c., &c.*

Large Size, $1.00. Medium, 50c. Small, 25c.

The Gargling Oil has been in use as a Liniment for thirty-eight years. All we ask is a *fair trial*, but be sure and follow directions.

Ask your nearest druggist or dealer in patent medicines, for one of *our* Almanacs and Vade Mecums, and read what the *people* say about the Oil.

The Gargling Oil is for sale by all respectable dealers throughout the *United States and other Countries.*

Our *testimonials* date from 1833 to the present, and are *unsolicited*. Use the *Gargling Oil*, and tell your neighbors what good it has done.

We deal fair and liberal with all, and defy contradiction. *Write for an Almanac or Cook Book.*

Manufactured at Lockport, New York.

—BY—

MERCHANT'S

Gargling Oil Company,

JOHN HODGE, Sec'y

From the Lockport Times of March 4th, 1871.

GARGLING OIL.—Merchant's Gargling Oil has become a family necessity, and few people attempt to get on without a supply of the article on hand. Its use has not only become general in every State of the Union, but large quantities of this valuable preparation are annually sent to foreign countries. The sale of the medicine has rapidly increased under the judicious and vigorous management of its able and accomplished Secretary of the Company, John Hodge, Esq.

From the Independent, (N. Y.) December, 1870.

It is astonishing to witness the rapid development of the trade in this famous article. Whether for use on man or beast, the Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Daily Democrat of June 4th, 1856.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL has become one of the most popular Liniments for human flesh that is now prepared, while for horses and cattle it has no equal in the world. We are assured by those who have used it for the piles—one of whom is a distinguished physician—that among all the various pile remedies none afforded such speedy relief as the Gargling Oil.

VINEGAR BITTERS

PURELY VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL

D. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & Co., Druggists and Gen. Ag'ts, San Francisco, Cal., and 32 & 34 Commerce St. N. Y.

MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their

Wonderful Curative Effects.

They are not a vile **Fancy Drink,** Made of **Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors,** doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, **free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE,** a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these **Bitters** have been most successful. **Such Diseases** are caused by **Vitiated Blood,** which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs.**

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequaled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, California, and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

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